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A SOUL-WRECK.

DE CONDOM AUTHORITY



"We Give it a Wide Berth
 "Where we sail in its neighborhood. We
 hold it in greater dread than the man
 ragged coats of our stormy clime." This
 island rose from the deep a mass of
 magnetic ore, which had such a power of
 attraction that proved fatal to the mariners.
 Once within its influence the ship was
 drawn and sunk, and the crew perished
 slowly, almost imperceptibly, but with ever
 increasing speed, until on a close approach
 every iron bolt is drawn from her timbers,
 and without a crash or a sound to alarm or
 awaken the sleeping ones, the ship falls
 into a sea of molten metal, and the crew
 and cask sink together in that quiet sea.

Fable as this tale is, yet it seems to illus-
 trate the awful magnetic power of avarice that
 entices and draws away the unregenerated
 heart of man. Oh, the alarming fascination
 of the love of money! How many a noble
 number runs into the millions who are
 annually drawn by the enchantment of the

tempter, little thinking of their danger or
doom,
To the Very Jaws of Hell,
where the old serpent pierces the poor soul
with his poisonous fangs.

This is an age of combines, but what about the magnetic combines of hell and man that has been in existence for ages, and the legion of agencies they employ to do their work successfully? Their yearly and boasted dividends run into the millions. They have met with the loss of thousands

Just look for a few moments at the

immortal blood-bought souls around us,
travelling at the fearful speed of three
thousand six hundred seconds every hour
to a hell of woe and sorrow, followed on
by an end as eternity, held by a magic
spell of the devil! How many just need
to be falling to pieces and slinking around
us

In Spite of the "Life Lines"

thrown out to them; from the citie and
towns of our Dominion, from the villages,
strects, lanes, manions, cottages, sties,
cellars, saloons, bar-rooms, brothels, gamb-

ling clubs, card tables, betting rings, prize fights, race courses, felon cells, convict's prisons, murderers' gallows, theatre and

concert hall, and the thousands of other agencies employed to deceive souls! Yes, they are floating far away from the "gates of heaven," songs of the angels and saints, from the river of life, jasper walls, plains

of victory, seas of glass, thrones of glory, harps of music, robes of whiteness, crown of life, and the "Well done" of our blessed

Has not God given to us the power to grip these crowds of people? Yes, hallelujah, my soul is greatly encouraged for a mighty year of soul-saving. We still have an omnipotent God Whose mercy is as boundless as the heavens. A mighty river of Blood for the healing of the nations still flows. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

"Our King shall lead the Army on,
And we, as warriors brave,
Glad in salvation arms arrayed,
Will fight the world to save."

Sir George Dibbs, as Prime Minister of New South Wales, has presented the Army

one hundred blankets for the unemployed
in our Sydney Shelters.

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